

Slavery.

BY J. REPLOGLE,

If ye continue in my word, then are ye truly my disciples, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. John 8, 31, 32.

We American people boast much of our freedom, but are we free? As stated in the text above, we are only free if we continue in the word. We need to take more than the first step, which is conversion. I agree with Bro. H. B. B. of the *Messenger*, that "conversion" must go before baptism, and an unconverted man is not a fit subject for baptism, neither is conversion redemption, for we must continue, add to these first steps by Christian progression, if we would know the truth, and be free from slavery.

The Pharisees to whom this language was addressed, had taken the first step, but this would not make Christians of them. Believing in a school and entering one's name on the roll will not make one a scholar. We must continue in that school, take up the studies of that school, and pursue the course till the end. Merely starting in the school of Christ will make no one a Christian, and break the shackles of slavery. For are not many of us slaves? Yes, slaves to *habit, desire or disposition*. What a glorious institution is the Sunday School, viewed in this light, because of the fact that there we can teach or warn the children against these forms of slavery. You may talk of prohibition, but there is no prohibitory law that will prohibit so well as a proper education. Take the young mind, when yet free from the evils that will be thrown around it in after life, and properly educate it against the master "evil-habit" and we will have no use for legislation on these subjects, neither in church or state. What we need in state as well as church, is not mandatory laws to compel us, for this does not give us a change of heart, and we are still slaves to desire. There is actually no freedom, outside of the truth, and we can only know the truth by "continuing in the Word." Let us be steadfast and continue in the work, for we have no promise of freedom if we fall by the way.

Many of us know that the trials and obstacles in the way sometimes almost discourage us, and then disposition—which is sometimes our master—comes up and tells us to lay down the armor, but the blessed Gospel tells us we must "continue in the Word, if we would be free." Satan continually endeavors to wind around us the chains of slavery. He furnishes the Master "disposition" and has him ever at his disposal. This Master commands us to find fault with the church. This brother or that sister does not suit us and we yield to the demands of this cruel master, do his bidding become cold toward the church, and finally our seats are vacant in the sanctuary, and he has gained the victory, for we have not *continued* in the word and we are not free.

Led by the Spirit.

BY CLARA FLORA.

But if ye be led by the spirit, ye are not under the law. Galatians, 5: 18.

This spirit should guide our pen, our words and our actions. If we are led by the spirit that led our blessed Master, we can endure much. If we desire to be led by that Spirit, we must keep very near the guide. Those who have come up out of Egypt will talk and write about the goodly land before us and not how we were treated in Egypt. Leave that where it originated and let God's Holy Spirit lead us. God says vengeance is mine, I will repay. Our short life never was intended that we should judge our dear brethren and sisters. Our time is too precious—the night is coming when we cannot work. Look with an eye of faith; see Jesus looking over the world; hear that clear, mild voice saying, truly the harvest is great but the laborers are few. Let us work with the spirit as it leads us along life's path. Let us not look back into Egypt for fear we lose sight of the spirit that leads us.

"We will follow where He leadeth;
We will pasture where He feedeth;
We will yield to Him who pleadeth from on High.

Dallas Center, Iowa.

To Young Men.

Young men! you are wanted. From the street corners, from the saloons and playhouses, from the loafers' rendezvous, from the idlers, promenade. Turn your steps into the highway of noble aim and earnest work. There are prizes enough for every successful worker, crowns enough for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory. There is within the young

man an upspringing of lofty sentiment which contributes to his elevation, and though there are obstacles to be surmounted and difficulties to be vanquished, yet with truth for his watchword, and leaning on his own noble purposes and indefatigable exertions, he may crown his brow with imperishable honors. He may never wear the warrior's crimson wreath, the poet's chaplet of lays, or the statesman's laurels; though no grand universal truth may at his bidding stand confessed to the world, though it may never be his to bring to a successful issue a great political revolution—to be the founder of a republic whose name shall be a "distinguished star in the constellation of nations,"—Yea, more, though his name may never be heard beyond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet is his mission none the less a high and holy one. In the moral and physical world, not only the field of battle, but also the consecrated cause of the truth and virtuous calls for champions, and the field for doing good is "white unto the harvest;" and if he enlists in the ranks, and his spirit faints not, he may write his name among the stars of heaven.

Beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, as pure white lilies full of fragrance on the stagnant waters. No possession is so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect. Wealth, birth, and official station may and do secure to their possessors an external, superficial courtesy; but they never did, and they never can, command the reverence of the heart. It is only to the man of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men yield the tribute, of deep and genuine respect. But why do so few young men of early promise, whose hopes, purposes, and resolves were as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves? The answer is obvious; they are not willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of great success. Whatever aptitude for particular pursuits nature may donate to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and studious to distinction.

God put the oak in the forest, and the pine on its sand and rocks, and says to men, "There are your houses; go hew, saw, frame, build, make. God makes the trees; men must build the house. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship. God buries iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, and smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body and still more what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work men more than iron is wrought—that will shape men more than timber is shaped. Great men have ever been men of thought as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, so does the wide sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hour of privacy, resolutely employed in efforts after self-development. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement. Away, then, young man, with all dreams of superiority, unless you are determined to dig after knowledge, as men search for concealed gold! Remember, that every man has in himself the seminal principal of great excellence, and he may develop it by cultivation if he will try.

JOHN HILL.

The Baptism of Fire.

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fortress, and they told us they intended to batter it down. We might ask them, How? They point us to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that. It is heavy, but not more than a hundred-weight, or half a hundred-weight. If all the men in the army were to throw it, that would make no impression. They say, No, but look at the cannon. Well, but there is no power in that; it is a machine, and nothing more. But look at the powder. Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it up. Yet this powerless powder and this powerless ball are put into this powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from Heaven. So it is with our church

machinery of the present day. We have our instruments, but, oh, for the baptism of fire.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

Arsenic Used as a Cosmetic.

The peasant women of Syria are in the habit of eating a certain quantity of arsenic, in order to enhance their personal charms. It imparts a beautiful bloom to the complexion, and gives a full and rounded appearance to the face and body. For years they persevere in the dangerous practice; but if they intermit it for a single day they experience all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. The complexion fades, the features become wore and haggard, and the body loses its plumpness and becomes angular and emaciated. Having once begun, therefore, to use this cosmetic, they must in self-defense go on. Constantly increasing the dose to keep up the effect, at last the constitution is undermined; the evil effects cannot be warded off any longer; the limit of safety is overpassed, and the victim of foolish vanity perishes miserably in the very prime of life.

Have we not here an illustration of vanity? Here is its imperial *desire*. It is to beautify its possessor, make him or her appear more than nature has made them. Its deepest hunger is for admiration. Here is its egregious *folly*. Employing the most pernicious thing,—even arsenic,—to gratify itself. What will not vanity do? What falsehoods will it not tell? What lies, spoken and acted, in order to set itself off? Here is its *perniciousness*. Its incessant labour ends in mischief and ruin, and the essential hideousness of the character becomes manifest.

Memorian.

Bro. William Fisher, of the Milford Congregation, departed this life, June 15, 1886, aged about 61 years. Bro. Fisher was converted and received into the church by Bro. Mallott about one year ago, during which time he lived a consistent Christian life, and when stricken down with lung-fever he bore it all with Christian fortitude; not once did he murmur, but thanked God for hope and peace as it is in Christ Jesus. A few days before his death, he desired to be anointed, and when that service had been attended to, he expressed himself as ready to depart and be with his Lord. Bro. William, as he was familiarly called, was always met with the heart-felt welcome that we give all true followers of our Blessed Master. On account of his honest principles, and his plain and sympathetic manner.

The deceased was followed to his last resting place by a large concourse of sympathizing friends and relatives who assemeled to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed one.

The funeral discourse was delivered by Eld. Z. T. Livengood, of Lanark, Ill., from Amos 4: 12, assisted by Eld. G. N. Snow of the Disciple church, to a large congregation.

Bro. Fisher left three daughters and one son to mourn his loss, but they sorrow not as those having no hope, as their loss is his eternal gain, and if they live as he has lived, faithful until death, they will one day meet him in that happy home where parting is no more.

JOHN MONTGOMERY.

It is well to keep in mind what Martin Luther said:

I beg that my name be passed in silence, and that people call themselves not Lutherans but Christians. Who is Luther? The doctrine is not mine. I have not been crucified for any one. Why then should the children of Christ take the unhallowed name of a frail mortal like me? Do it not; let us put away party names, and bear the name of Christ, whose doctrine we hold.—*Milner's*

No man is really worthy of love and honor outside of his home who is not loved and honored in his home. A man's life in his home is the true measure and test of both his manhood and his Christian attainment and capacity.—H. Clay Trumbull.

If we would bless God we must first learn to bless man, who is made in the image of God.—F. W. Robertson.

To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to weep bitterly, as he did, when we have denied, is worse.—Payson.

The man who studies vice to avoid it is like him who takes poison to see how it tastes.